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UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode #60

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11:30 to 12:30 P.M. C.S.T.

APRIL 20, 1933

THURSDAY

ORCHESTRA:

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers."

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET:

ANNOUNCER: To manage and protect the National Forests so that they will be for the greatest good of the greatest number of people in the long run - that is the job of Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers. The forest resources must be protected against any and all enemies - the greatest of which is fire, as you all know. But there are other enemies. One which sometimes threatens great damage in certain areas, if is not controlled, is a tiny insect, no larger than the exposed end of lead in a pencil - a bark beetle with a long scientific name, but usually referred to by the Rangers as "bugs." Last week, we saw Ranger Jim Robbins and his assistant, Jerry Quick, preparing to launch a counter-attack on the beetles on the Pine Cone District, to stop the destruction of forest trees. We take you now to the "bug-camp" in the forest, where the control work is going on under Jerry's supervision. --

(SOUND OF RINGING PHONE)

JERRY: (TO PHONE) Hello -- Hello? -- (RINGS PHONE AGAIN) --
Hello, Supervisor's office? -- This is Quick, Jerry .
Quick - up at the bug camp on the Pine Cone District.
Jiggle your receiver, will you? I can't hear you
very well over this temporary line. -- Hello --
Yeah, that's better. -- I got another order of grub
for you. -- Yeah, add it to the order I gave you
a while ago. -- Well, the boys've gotta eat if
they're going to fight bugs, ain't they? -- Yeah,
send it to the ranger station with the other stuff,
so Slim can pack it up on his next trip with the
mules. -- All right, ready? -- Four cases canned
beans -- No, beans, not peas -- (SPELLS) b - e - a -
n - s -- No, "b" as in Benjamin, "e" as in Edward,
"a" as in - uh - as in applesauce -- yeah, that's
right, beans. -- All right. One case condensed milk.
-- Yeah. Two cases canned peaches. -- Yeah. And
say, you can send up a suit of long, heavy underwear
size 40? -- No, not for me. It's for commissary.
One of the boys kinda changed his mind about wearing
athletic shorts on this job. -- Yeah, it's turned
kinda chilly again up here. He had the shivvers this
morning. -- Yeah, that's all, this time. -- Good bye.
(HANGS UP)

(SOUND OF HORSE COMING UP)

JIM: (OFF) Hi, Jerry.

JERRY: (CALLS) Hello -- doggone, it's Jim! How are yuh?

JIM: (UP) Whoa, Dolly -- Whoa -- (HORSE STOPS) Well -- how's the bug captain?

JERRY: Hey, you called me field marshal of the bug army the other day. Have I been demoted?

JIM: Nope. Not yet. (CHUCKLES) You can be general or field marshall or anything you want, just so you get the work done right.

JERRY: Well, we're getting along pretty good, Jim. I wasn't expecting you up here today.

JIM: I wanted to inspect the road camp this morning, so I thought I might as well ride on over here and see how things were going.

JERRY: Everything's going fine, Jim. We'll have this whole infestation cleaned up in a couple of weeks more.

JIM: Glad to hear it, Jerry -- How's the cook treating you, by the way?

JERRY: Swell, Jim. He's putting out good grub. You ought to see the boys go for it.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) It wasn't the boys I was thinkin' of so much, just now.

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I get you. You haven't had any dinner -- Dinner's all over now, Jim, but I guess the cook could scare up something for you pretty quick -- (CALLS) Hey, John.

COOK: (OFF) Yes, sir?

JERRY: (CALLS) Can you scare up a little grub for Jim here.

COOK: (OFF) Shore. (COMING UP) Howdy, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Howdy, John. I've been hearing so much about the good grub you're putting out, I've got sort of a hankerin' to try some.

COOK: Yes sir, Mr. Robbins. I got some of the beef stew left that I give the boys this noon. How'd that be?

JIM: Sounds pretty good, John.

COOK: Awright, sir, (GOING OFF) I'll get 'er pronto.

JIM: All right, thanks, John -- Well, Jerry, we seem to have a lot of business going on on our district this spring.

JERRY: Yeah, we sure have.

JIM: There's Andy's trail crew down on the south end of the District, and the road crew's working again, now that the weather's opened up --

JERRY: Yeah, and my bug crew here. That's three crews we have going now.

JIM: Uh huh, and we'll have to be getting a planting crew out pretty quick now, too.

JERRY: Yeah, I know.

JIM: Looks like we're going to have a hard time squeezing in time to handle grazing applications, and lining up our protection organization for the fire season, and a lot of other things.

JERRY: Yeah, but they've all got to be done, Jim.

JIM: Yep, they've got to be done. Have you got things in shape so you could leave the camp here for a couple of days and come down and help me on grazing applications?

JERRY: Sure. I can leave Pete in charge of the crew.
He can handle it all right for a few days.

JIM: Good. We'll go in this afternoon then.

JERRY: All right -- I'll write out some instructions for
Pete and get my stuff together. It will be a good
chance to get some laundry done.

COOK: (COMING UP) She's all ready, such as it is, Mr.
Robbins. Sorry I didn't know you was a comin'.
I'da had something fixed up for yuh.

JIM: Thanks, John. This is just fine. I'm sorry you
went to so much bother.

COOK: Taint no bother. Hope you can make out a meal.
Turn over yore cup, I'll pour you some hot coffee.

JIM: (CLATTER OF GRANITE WARE CUP) Thanks, that's plenty.
(DRINKS) Ah, that hits the spot, John. That's good
coffee.

COOK: Thankee, sir. -- Uh, say, Mr. Robbins - I been
wonderin' 'bout these here beetle bugs- can't see's
they've done so much hurt around here.

JIM: That's just it, John. We're figgerin' to get 'em
before they do the damage. You see, every infested
tree we get not keeps the bugs from attacking a
lot of other trees.

COOK: How do they git to the other trees?

JIM: They fly.

COOK: Them little grubs?

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JIM: No. The grubs under the bark of the trees pretty soon turn into beetles, see, and then they come out of the trees and swarm to other trees. They usually hit other trees close around, but they say they can fly fifteen miles or more before they settle down.

COOK: Oh. I git it.

JIM: And then they start boring into the bark - two of 'em, a male and a female working together. The female does the boring, and the male just packs away the sawdust. Kinda like the way you hear of a squaw and a buck Indian working.

COOK: (LAUGHING) Yeah, that's right, ain't it?

JIM: And when they get inside the bark, they tunnel along and the female lays a lot of eggs, -- see? All this time, the old man bug just fiddles around not doin' much but pack a little boring dust around the eggs. The female of the species is sure more deadly than the male in this case.

COOK: (DOLEFUL) Yeah, that's right, sir, - every time.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) What's the matter, John? Had some sad experience?

COOK: Well, a gal down in Willow Glen kinda give me the air -- that was jest last fall - Doggone - she was sweeter'n honey 'till I'd blew in all my dough.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) You'll have to charge it up to experience, John.

COOK: Yeah. - But about these yere beetle bugs. The old man bug kinda takes life easy, huh?

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JERRY: I guess he thinks he's the promoter in the affair -- sort of the brains and the boss.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, he gets a lot of dust kicked in his face by Mrs. Beetle, just the same. -- Any way, the eggs hatch out into little grubs, and these grubs tunnel along eating on the tender part of the tree between the bark and the wood. Pretty soon they girdle the tree, and eating out that layer under the bark keeps the water and minerals from going up the trunk of the tree from the roots and keeps the food from the needles from going down, so the tree dies.

COOK: Cain't you seel them dead trees for lumber?

JIM: We could if they were cut and taken out right away. Bug-killed trees very often get a sort of blue stain in the wood pretty quick, though, that makes it hard to sell. -- You see, John, the bugs haven't done much damage on our forest yet, but they could do plenty if we didn't get 'em in time. I could show you a place in the southern part of Oregon where over twelve per cent of a whole stand of timber was killed by the bugs in ten years time, - about six million dollars worth and over in the Black Hills some years ago they killed over two billion feet of timber.

COOK: That's a plenty, shore 'nough.

JIM: Yep. - Well, John, I guess I can't find much fault with your food.

COOK: Hankerin' for some more, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: Nope. This oughta hold me down awhile. - Well, Jerry, let's look into this bug work a little before we start back to the Station.

JERRY: Okay.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Hmm -- Looks like your crew's doing a nice, clean job, Jerry.

JERRY: Yeah, they're doing good work, Jim.

JIM: Yep -- Whoa, look here. I bet here's an infested tree the spotters missed.

JERRY: We haven't finished spotting on this part of the area yet, Jim.

JIM: Oh I see. I would check up on the spotters pretty close Jerry to be sure they don't overlook any infested trees?

JERRY: Some of these bug trees are hard to spot. They have the bugs but there are no pitch tubes. How is that?

JIM: Some trees have more pitch in them. If the tree is vigorous and has lots of sap the pitch oozes out and those little gobs of pitch show up at every hole the bugs make.

JERRY: We can spot those trees asfar as we can see them.

JIM: Well - have the spotters inspect those trees carefully. A big flow of pitch often floods the beetles out and if the attack isn't too heavy the tree will kill the bugs instead of the bugs killing it. We don't want to burn trees that are able to do their own battle.

JERRY: Yeah, that's right. I'll speak to them about that.

JIM: Some of these less vigorous trees have very little pitch. They can't fight back at all. See that old tree over there -- just specked with tiny bug holes and not a pitch tube on it.

JERRY: I'll say it's specked. The bark has millions of holes in it, but you can't see them till you look closely.

JIM: That's why I want those spotters to be right on their toes. Their job is important.

JERRY: Let me have that hatchet Jim. I want to see what it looks like under the bark.

JIM: Good idea -- here it is -- (SOUNDS OF LIGHT CHOPPING)

JERRY: Is it infested with bugs? This tree is done for.

JIM: No question about that. And yet it didn't show the infestation as bad as those with the pitch tubes.

JERRY: Look at those galleries! They make a pattern almost like a fern-leaf -- industrious little devils aren't they? There's a white grub at the end of each gallery.

JIM: Lets follow the main tunnel up to the end. See if you can find the adult beetles.

(MORE CHIPPING)

JERRY: There -- there they are. Both alive and kicking. Now what becomes of them after the eggs are laid?

JIM: They usually stay right in the end of the burrow and die -- if wood-peckers don't get them.

JERRY: Say, the woodpeckers sure go after them. Look at that bird over yonder. He's hammering away on that tree as if his life depended on it.

- JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I guess his dinner does depend on it. If we had a few thousand more woodpeckers around this forest we wouldn't need to burn these trees.
- JERRY: The birds we have are doing their best but the job is just too big for them. (LAUGHS) I get a big kick out of watching them.
- JIM: Yep. We have a big job helping them. Every infested tree we don't treat now means enough beetles in the next swarm to attack a dozen more trees.
- JERRY: And the next year it would be a hundred more -- Gosh in a few years--
- JIM: Yep. In a few years our pine timber'd look pretty sick. See how sickly a lot of this tree top looks. They're going into the "sorrel top" stage already.
- JERRY: I suppose the tree is already dead when it reaches the "sorrel top stage?"
- JIM: Yep -- Well let's go over and see how the burning's going.
- JERRY: Okay -- They're fixing to spray a tree now -- over there -- see?
- JIM: How do those new oil spray guns work? I've never had any like these before.
- JERRY: They're a good rig, Jim. You can put a lot of pressure in them and they spray the oil in good shape. See, they have to pump air into the tanks and it gives good pressure through those long nozzles.

JIM: How high can you reach with the oil?

JERRY: Well that tree he's working on has pitch tubes up -- what would you guess? 22? -- 25 feet?

JIM: All of that I'd say.

JERRY: Well, watch him now.
(HISSING SOUND OF OIL SPRAYING ON TREE)

JERRY: (RAISING VOICE) Hey, fellas, you've got to get oil all over the trunk where the bugs are, you know --

VOICE: (OFF) Okay.

JERRY: (CALLING) That ought to be plenty. - Now apply your torch.
(BURNING SOUND INCREASING TO ROAR OF FLAMES)

JERRY: My gosh, that's hot. -- Better get back a little, Jim.

JIM: It is hot.

JERRY: We have all blistered our faces on this job.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Brings out the ruddy complexion, eh?
(PAUSE)

JERRY: Well, that sure ought to kill anything under the bark of that tree.

JIM: It takes alot of heat to penetrate the thick bark near the base, Jerry. The bugs ought to be pretty well cooked now, though. Let's take a look and see how the heat penetrated.

JERRY: All right.
(SOUND OF LIGHT CHOPPING)

JERRY: See -- there's some of the grubs. Looks like they're cooked good and yellow.

JIM: Ycp.

JERRY: See -- they don't move when I poke 'em. They're dead all right.

JIM: Yep, good and dead -- Lucky we can do bug control work this time of year when we can burn oil without starting a forest fire, isn't it?

JERRY: I should say so.

JIM: Your boys work fast, Jerry. They're already fixing to spray the next "buggy" tree.

JERRY: Sure. -- (CALLS) Hey, look out where you're squirting that oil! -- (TO JIM) Doggone. Got it all over my leg.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Wait till she soaks in a little.

JERRY: Yeah, it burns like the dickens. I been soaked with oil most of the time up here so far. (CHUCKLING) I bet I smell like a cross between an oil can and a skunk.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, even if you do smell like an oil can, I reckon we'd better be heading back toward the Station.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF HORSES CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JERRY: It's going to be dark before we get home -- ain't it, Jim?

JIM: I s'pect it might, if we don't step along. --

JERRY: How's everything been going down in Winding Creek?

JIM: Pretty fair. -- (CLUCKS TO HORSE) Giddap, Dolly. --

JERRY: Everybody all right?

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2047	Sep 1	to Sep 30	2048
2048	Oct 1	to Oct 31	2049
2049	Nov 1	to Nov 30	2050
2050	Dec 1	to Dec 31	2051
2051	Jan 1	to Jan 31	2052
2052	Feb 1	to Feb 28	2053
2053	Mar 1	to Mar 31	2054
2054	Apr 1	to Apr 30	2055
2055	May 1	to May 31	2056
2056	Jun 1	to Jun 30	2057
2057	Jul 1	to Jul 31	2058
2058	Aug 1	to Aug 31	2059
2059	Sep 1	to Sep 30	2060
2060	Oct 1	to Oct 31	2061
2061	Nov 1	to Nov 30	2062
2062	Dec 1	to Dec 31	2063
2063	Jan 1	to Jan 31	2064
2064	Feb 1	to Feb 28	2065
2065	Mar 1	to Mar 31	2066
2066	Apr 1	to Apr 30	2067
2067	May 1	to May 31	2068
2068	Jun 1	to Jun 30	2069
2069	Jul 1	to Jul 31	2070
2070	Aug 1	to Aug 31	2071
2071	Sep 1	to Sep 30	2072
2072	Oct 1	to Oct 31	2073
2073	Nov 1	to Nov 30	2074
2074	Dec 1	to Dec 31	2075
2075	Jan 1	to Jan 31	2076
2076	Feb 1	to Feb 28	2077
2077	Mar 1	to Mar 31	2078
2078	Apr 1	to Apr 30	2079
2079	May 1	to May 31	2080
2080	Jun 1	to Jun 30	2081
2081	Jul 1	to Jul 31	2082
2082	Aug 1	to Aug 31	2083
2083	Sep 1	to Sep 30	2084
2084	Oct 1	to Oct 31	2085
2085	Nov 1	to Nov 30	2086
2086	Dec 1	to Dec 31	2087
2087	Jan 1	to Jan 31	2088
2088	Feb 1	to Feb 28	2089
2089	Mar 1	to Mar 31	2090
2090	Apr 1	to Apr 30	2091
2091	May 1	to May 31	2092
2092	Jun 1	to Jun 30	2093
2093	Jul 1	to Jul 31	2094
2094	Aug 1	to Aug 31	2095
2095	Sep 1	to Sep 30	2096
2096	Oct 1	to Oct 31	2097
2097	Nov 1	to Nov 30	2098
2098	Dec 1	to Dec 31	2099
2099	Jan 1	to Jan 31	2100

JIM: Thinkin' about anybody in particular?

JERRY: Well - no - only --

JIM: The schoolma'am's been in several times askin' about you.

JERRY: Has she? -- Get up, Spark.

JIM: I told 'er you might be coming in tonight, and she said she'd be stopping by.

JERRY: (PERKING UP) Did she? -- Say, do we have to go way down to that ford to cross the creek?

JIM: The creek's pretty high. -- Longest way 'round is the --

JERRY: (CUTTING IN) If we could get across here, we could cut right across the pasture and be home in no time.

JIM: Kinda cold ridin' in wet clothes.

JERRY: Whoa, Spark. (HORSES STOP) I'm going straight across, Jim -- if you'll take Spark around.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Kinda anxious to get home?

JERRY: Yeah - kinda. I'll keep my clothes dry all right, and beat you back by a long ways - on foot, too.

JIM: All right, go to it. -- Gimme Spark's rein, there. Going to swim it?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Better be careful, she's pretty swift.

JERRY: I will.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) All right - (CLUCKS) Come on, Spark.
(SOUND OF HORSES GOING OFF) (CALLING AS HE GOES OFF)
Tell Bess to have supper ready. --
(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)
(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: (COMING IN) Hello, Bess.

BESS: (COMING UP) Jim, you're late again --

JIM: Oh, not so late, now. Taint even dark yet.

BESS: Well, it's almost -- Where's Jerry? I thought you said he was coming back with you.

JIM: Isn't he here?

BESS: Why no.

JIM: He should've beat me home. He took a short cut.

BESS: Oh dear - what could have happened!

JIM: (WORRIED) Hmm - maybe I'd better be going back to look for 'im. He was fixin' to swim the creek when I left him.

BESS: My heavens! You don't suppose --

JIM: Hey - what - (CHUCKLES, THEN LAUGHS LOUDLY) Bess, you'd better not look out this window.

BESS: What on earth --? What is it, Jim? What do you see?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Looks like a white kangaroo hoppin' across the pasture.

BESS: Jim Robbins, what is it?

JIM: Maybe it's a ghost -- it's duckin' behind the barn - Hey now! (CHUCKLES) You can't look out the window, Bess.

BESS: Jim Robbins, you tell me what it is right now! Is it Jerry?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Looks very much like Jerry at that - except it ain't got much of any clothes on - Bess, I'd suggest you retire for a moment so I can usher it in out of the cold.

BESS: All right. (GOING OFF) My land - of all the goings on -
(SOUND OF DOOR)

JIM: (CALLS) Oh, Jerry. Come on in.

JERRY: (WAY OFF) Anybody there?

JIM: (CALLS) Come on. The way's clear. (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: (COMING UP) Listen, Jim - is it - is it all right - anybody there?

JIM: In with you (CLOSES DOOR) (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: (SHIVERING) Gosh - brr. Gimme me a coat or something, quick. -- Talk about cold.

JIM: (LAUGHING) Going in for the back-to-nature idea, son?

JERRY: Yeah, I --

JIM: Bursting forth in pristine glory - is that it?
(CHUCKLES) Where's your clothes?

JERRY: I - I lost 'em.

JIM: Lost 'em?

JERRY: Yeah - I tied 'em up in my belt - see? - and tried to throw them across the stream before I swam it - but the belt came undone, and --

JIM: Couldn't you catch 'em?

JERRY: Naw -- I guess they've gone clear down into the valley by now.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, I thought for awhile that Robinson Crusoe's good man Friday was loose again. You'd better hurry up and get some clothes on before the Missus comes in.

JERRY: You bet!
(FADE OUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Well, folks, rather a chilly ending for a day of hot fighting against the destructive insects of the forest, wasn't it? "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

er/1:30 P.M.
April 18, 1933.

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